Mar. How ist my noble Lord?
Hora. O wonderfull!
Hor. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No, you will reueale it.
Hora. Not I my Lord by Heauen.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once thinke it,
But you'le be secret.
Both. I by heauen.
Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all *Denmake*
But he's an arrant Knaue.
Hora. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.
Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And so without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You, as your businesse aud desire shall point you,
For euery man hath businesse and desire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.
Hora. These are but wild and whurling words my Lord.
Ham. I am sorrie they offend you heartily,
Yes faith heartily.
Hora. There's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrick* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence to, touching this vision heere,
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you,
For your desire to know what is betweene vs,
Ore-master't as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, Schollers, and Souldiers,
Giue me one poore request.
Hora. What ist my Lord, we will.
Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue seene to night.
Both. My Lord we will not.
Ham. Nay but sweare't.
Hora. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.
Ham. Vpon my Sword.

Mar.

1 Mar. How, &c
Hor. What newes, my Lord?
Ham. O wonderfull!
7 hart 23 & 24 hartily 30 Remaster't

Mar. We haue sworne my Lord alreadie.
Ham. Indeed vpon my Sword, indeed.

Ghost cries vnder the Stage.

Ghost. Sweare.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so, art thou there true penn
Come on, you heare this fellow in the Sellerige,
Consent to sweare.
Hora. Propose the oath my Lord.
Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene,
Sweare by my Sword.
Ghost. Sweare.
Ham. *Hic, & vbiq;*, then weele shift our ground:
Come hether Gentlemen,
And lay your hands againe vpon my Sword,
Sweare by my Sword
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.
Ghost. Sweare by his Sword.
Ham. Well said old Mole, canst worke it'h earth so fast,
A worthy Pioner once more remooue good friends.
Hora. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.
Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*,
Then are dream't of in your Philosophy: but come
Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
(How strange or odde so mere I beare my selfe,
As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet,
To put an Antike disposition on
That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall
With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,
As, wel, well we know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we list to speake, or there be and if they might,
Or such ambiguous giuing out, to note)
That you know ought of me, this do sweare,
So grace and mercy at your most need helpe you.
Ghost. Sweare.
Ham. Rest, rest perturbed spirit: so Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you,

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